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November 14, 1945



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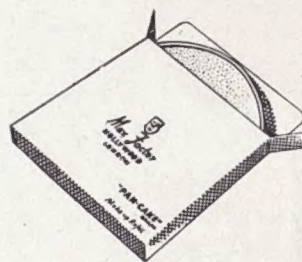
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Viscountess Bury

The youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, Viscountess Bury, is the wife of the Earl of Albemarle's son and heir. They have two small daughters, Elizabeth Mairi, and Rose Deirdre Margaret, who were born in 1941 and 1943. Lady Bury, who is photographed in uniform, is a member of the Women's Legion, of which her mother is President. Her parents spend a great deal of their time in Ireland at the Marquess of Londonderry's home at Mount Stewart, Newtownards, Co. Down. Lord Londonderry has held many important positions in the Governments of Northern Ireland and this country



PORTRAITS IN PRINT

*"I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure."*

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Leisure

THE touchstone of freedom is, I suppose, ultimately leisure. When we work, we are all of us slaves; as a condition of our labours we are prepared to swallow all sorts of restrictions, provided the hours of leisure are our own. But I have been shocked during the last few days by two episodes that suggest we are beginning to give up the habit of freedom even in idleness.

First of all, a friend of mine went to visit a holiday camp, a place to which numbers of chicken-headed people pay to repair. You are supposed to go there for pleasure; but from the moment of passing through the sodden portals, my friend found himself regimented and drilled almost as if he were a conscript. Barking loud-speakers told him when to get up, when to eat, when to take exercise, when to play, when to sleep. The slightest resistance to these commands was treated almost as mutiny. The other prisoners appeared to be enjoying themselves with all their puny hearts.

"Only Mugs Work"

MY second shock was a discussion on the wireless entitled "Only Mugs Work." The participants in the discussion were all of them experienced, distinguished authorities on social problems; with fervour and erudition they agreed that the problem of leisure was the key to most of our political puzzles—that somehow the British people, particularly in the towns, must learn the art of once again enjoying their spare time. But all their talk boiled down finally to one dominant idea, however well-meaning—the organization of leisure from above. No thought of teaching people the possibility of achieving enjoyment without the synthetic aid of what are politely called popular entertainments—the spectacle of Miss Grable waggling her expensive hips, or twenty-two hardly less expensive pairs of feet propelling a large ball through the mud.

Mass-boredom

OF course cultures from time to time are seized by the disease of mass-boredom, and even die from it. The Middle Ages, which we think of as so blithe and gay and vigorous, was obviously one of the most bored epochs in history. In the monasteries monks by the hundred pined away out of sheer boredom; it was an accepted disease of the time; the Crusades were for the knightly classes a merciful escape from the deadly tedium of their lives.

And today we find the maggot of boredom eating away at every social stratum, not merely at the factory worker, reduced to kicking his football about the wet street. The distinguished pro-consul hears for the last time "God Save the King" played in his honour. He retires to a Berkshire manor, a few hundred acres of rough shooting; within a couple of years the worms have got him. The retired stockbroker has hardly time to contemplate the Surrey hills, to run through his repertory of stories at the golf club, before boredom has killed him. I remember once a foreign colleague of mine who had served at most of the more interesting diplomatic posts in the world; and all that remained of those glittering years were a few doubtful antiques, and photographs of hundred upon hundred of polo games. "Polo," he would say, "is a wonderful game. Wherever you may be, London, Peking, Timbuctoo, it helps pass the time away."

The Fatal Good-humour of the English

BUT to return to the question of regimentation, I often wonder whether we have not rooted authoritarianism out of the Continent, only to catch the disease ourselves—political version of Anatole France's *Thais*, where the monk from the Thebaids

sets out to reform the rowdy courtesan, and ends as a debauchee, while the courtesan takes the veil. The trouble is, the English are so excessively good-humoured, and by now so well disciplined in suffering. Every time I see a docile queue outside fishmonger or butcher, I lament the lack of a latter-day Wat Tyler. On the boat from Portsmouth to Ryde an enormous thirsty crowd eight or ten times a day waits patiently outside the refreshment room till a small boy guarding the entrance deigns to let them pass in. A Marine officer on leave from the Mediterranean reminded me the other day that if the crowd had been Italian the odious small boy would have been trampled under foot long ago. How agreeable it is to think that twenty years of



Two Great Masters

Jacob Epstein, the celebrated sculptor, has done among his latest works a head of the world-famous violinist Yehudi Menuhin. Yehudi Menuhin was photographed beside the head which will be shown for the first time at Epstein's forthcoming exhibition at the Leicester Galleries

Fascism were not enough to kill that glorious Mediterranean disrespect for authority. The worst of it is here, we English have become almost German in our co-operation with our gaolers. Once when the small boy, from sheer sadism, was holding the crowd unduly long, my wife, a natural rebel, noticed that two sensible soldiers had already slipped in and were quietly gobbling buns. She resolved to follow their example. As she edged forward, her coat was grabbed by a woman in the crowd. "You can't do that," a terrified voice cried, "they'll never let you." Calmly my wife continued on her mutinous course. Nobody stopped her. The rest of the crowd meekly waited outside.

The Abbey Sculptures

BEFORE they return to their pedestals and niches in Westminster Abbey, the royal effigies and sculptures, removed to safety at the beginning of the war, are on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum. We are accustomed to think there is no such thing as English sculpture—a misconception against which that great authority, Mrs. Esdaile, with taste and scholarship, has been battling for years. The exhibition at the Victoria and Albert should lay the idea once and for all.

Eleanor of Castille

OF particular beauty is the recumbent effigy of Eleanor of Castille, first wife of Edward I, the Spanish princess who is still commemorated in the name "Elephant and Castle." Incidentally, Charing Cross was a monument erected by her grief-stricken husband to mark the place where her

coffin rested on its journey to the Abbey. Even the word "Charing" may evoke her, for it is probably a corruption of "Chere Kein." The effigy is of bronze, gilt with melted-down gold Flemish florins, the proceeds, no doubt, from the sale to Ghent of good English wool, which to Plantagenet England was what coal was to Victorian greatness. It dates from about 1290 and is the work of a London goldsmith, William Torel, who also executed the companion effigy of Henry III.

Queen Eleanor, with her comely, plump and wondering face, is the very symbol of the political marriage; one sees here an amiable, possibly even a desirable girl, used as a pawn in a game so complicated, her face must always have worn a slightly dazed expression, which the sculptor has caught most faithfully. All the gracious ennui proper to a young queen is here.

No less satisfying are the effigies from Henry VII's Chapel, built to the order of Henry VIII, under the supervision of Piero Torrigiano or Torrigiana, Florentine (1472-1552). As readers of *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* will remember, Torrigiano is notable above all for his evil temper which led him to break Michelangelo's august nose, and finally caused him to perish miserably in a prison of the Spanish Inquisition. It is amusing to contrast Torrigiano's sophisticated cherubs, purely Renaissance in spirit, with the English work from the Chapel, still unrelentingly Gothic. They make one realize how "backward" a country Tudor England must have seemed to the exquisite Italians of that day. When Torrigiano tried to induce, with tales of big money, Benvenuto Cellini to come here, that brilliant but exasperating craftsman cried that nothing would persuade him to venture among those "brutes of English."

"The White Man's Burden"

I AM charmed by the story of the Moslem King's remark to a great British officer of State who happened to be passing through his dominions. British troops are quartered in this monarch's territory. Now the Axis is defeated and the Russians are still remote, the protection of our strong arm chafes his shoulder. "I wish," His Majesty is reputed to have said, "you English would pick up your White Man's Burden, and cart it elsewhere."

"Forever Amber"

AS I write the news comes in of the Meteors at Herne Bay breaking the air speed record. I am amused to think Mr. Eric Greenwood has christened his record-breaking machine "Forever Amber." A plane which attains a speed we don't know what to do with (we haven't yet attuned ourselves to 200 m.p.h.) is fittingly named after an American misconception of Restoration England, where nobody does anything but be sexy, and say: "Thanks a million."

Incidentally, I was talking the other day to one of our most eminent aircraft constructors. He was off to foreign parts, travelling by ship, because, he said, gloomily, he liked his creature comforts, and he did not see the air giving him them for many a long year.

Personally, I like flying tolerably well, providing the journey is reasonably short; flying over the Alps is an excitement which never palls on me. But eight hours' flying is, I hold, the maximum supportable. The Lord save me from a night journey by air.

The Nobel Prize

THE other day I met Sir Alexander Fleming who, with Sir H. W. Florey and Dr. Chaim, has been jointly awarded the Nobel Prize for their work on penicillin. I gather the Nobel Prize money which used to be worth about £50,000 has now dwindled to little more than £9,000, a falling yield from investments, I suppose.

Nobel, the institutor of the Peace Prize was, of course, a Swedish manufacturer of deadly explosives. I hope that Dupont & Nemours, or whatever big American corporation is entrusted by President Truman with the exploitation of the atom bomb, will institute a similar prize. Then when all culture has been blown up, the last *homo sapiens*, dying in an Andean cave, with Voltaire's *Candide* in his trembling hand, will learn he has won the Blank Blank Peace Prize for having evolved a cure for cancer.

Simon Hanscom-Smith



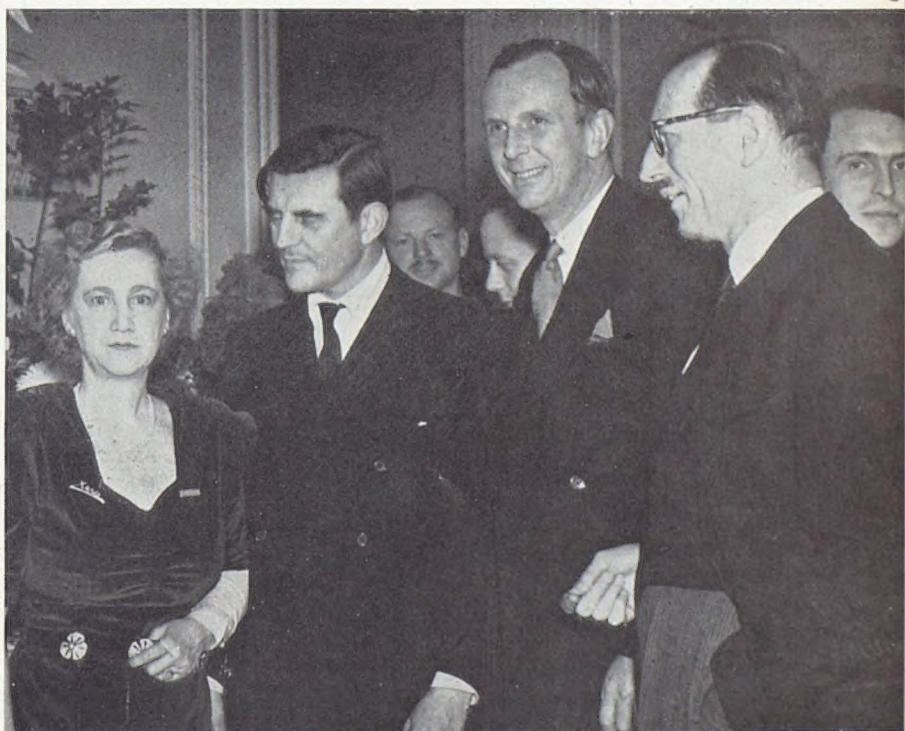
The First Post-War Royal Command Performance at the London Coliseum

The Queen smilingly acknowledged the programme sellers who curtsied to her as she left the Coliseum after the Command Performance. She was followed by the King, who was in Naval uniform, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose. The performance, which was held in aid of the Variety Artists Benevolent Fund and Institution, was the first since the outbreak of war, and the programme, just as in the old days, was modern music hall at its best



Farewell Reception at the All Services Canteen Club in Upper Grosvenor Street

Mrs. Anthony Eden talked things over with Madame Wellington Koo during the farewell party which she gave with Mrs. Littlejohn Cook. It was the occasion of the closing of the club which has seen six years service, and was also the birthday party for Mrs. Littlejohn Cook's son, Captain George Littlejohn Cook, who was a P.O.W. for five years



Mrs. Littlejohn Cook was photographed with the U.S. Ambassador, Mr. Winant, W/Cdr. N. Hulbert, M.P., and M. Massigli, the French Ambassador. Mr. Winant has the distinction of being the first American to be invited to propose "The Immortal Memory" at the Scottish Burns Club next year, and is going to Glasgow in January



AT THE PICTURES

with

James Agate.

This and That

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—
“In your anxiety to be spiteful about English films you surely overreach yourself in the *Tatler* this week. Would you have Ann Todd, in *The Seventh Veil*, play the whole Rachmaninoff Concerto through, to say nothing of the other items? Would you have an audience sit, for example, for five hours in a cinema while the Battle of Agincourt was shown in detail from start to finish, or the débutante's dance in *Carnet de Bal* shown from the first hop to the last? Such cutting as you complain of should be evidence to you that the director is appealing to the imagination of the audience, which is supposed to suppose that Ann Todd has played the Concerto all through, since the middle movement is hardly germane to the development of the play. A lack of imagination has been the subject for scoldings to English directors for long enough.”

My reply is that I am not a film-director. But that if I were, and had produced this film I should have found a way of indicating the three movements *and the mood of each*. I might, taking the same time, have shown the reactions of the Albert Hall audience to each mood. In any case, I should not have left the film audience to imagine that la Todd had been brought over from Vienna to romp through a post-horn gallop! It's just the old, old thing over again—lack of brains. Why didn't this picture's director have the sequence vetted by somebody with a musical brain? The other references leave me cold. *I don't want any of the Battle of Agincourt in a film of Shakespeare's play.* The dance in the French film? As I remember, this is a waltz, and the mood of a waltz is constant. Rachmaninoff's Concerto is in three movements and three moods, and to telescope them is nonsense. I note that my correspondent fails to answer my other questions. Why couldn't Synopsis spell “Grieg” properly? Why must it say that the Concerto is in C major when even the Albert Hall attendants know the key is C minor? The answer, again, is either lack of brains—which may be forgiven, since no man can make himself a brain—or sheer bloody carelessness, that curse of our age and nation. Would any country get these things wrong except this blessed plot, this nurse of near-enough and it'll do, this teeming womb of slipshoddery?

Bedside Manner (London Pavilion). I do not believe that any female surgeon, even of the plastic and face-lifting variety, operates

wearing a lace frock, three rows of pearls, and a ring the size of a walnut. Hang it all, she wouldn't be able to get the rubber glove on. Deciding that not even Ruth could reconcile me to a Hussey as bogus as this film's heroine, I fled.

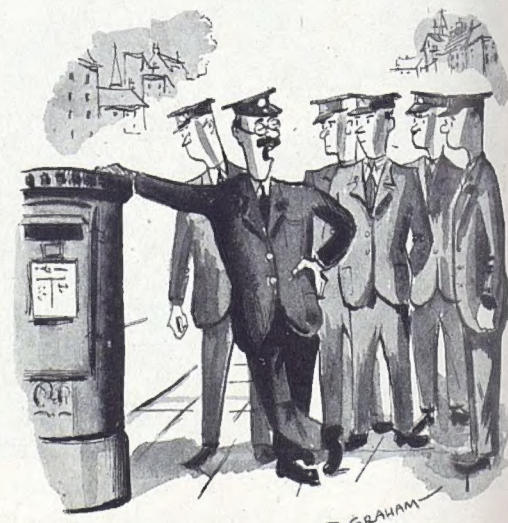
Love Letters (Plaza) is a wonderful mixture of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, with a slight dash of *Thérèse Raquin*. Captain Alan Quinton (Joseph Cotten) writes love-letters on behalf of Lieut. Roger Morland (Robert Sully) to Victoria Remington (Jennifer Jones). Victoria falls for Cyrano, but unfortunately marries the dumb and brutal Christian. He strikes her, whereupon Victoria's adoptive aunt, old Madame Raquin, stabs the brute and is herself struck speechless by paralysis. Victoria is tried for murder and acquitted. Undetained according to his Majesty's pleasure, she rambles about, having lost her memory, and as daisy-eyed and witless as Ophelia. She has become a starry virgin rejoicing in the name of Singleton, meets Alan and suspects him of loving a mysterious Victoria who is, of course, Singleton's own self, though she doesn't know it! In the end all comes right and the lovers “into the evening green wander away,” as Stephen Phillips puts it, somewhat cold-bloodedly leaving Betsey Trotwood, I mean Aunt Remington, to die in her wheel-chair. Impressive twaddle, but twaddle, which the Sunday critics will, of course, lap up like kittens with a bowl of cream.

LET me urge, advise, recommend anybody who cares for the cinema at its best not to miss the concluding days of the wonderful film *Kutusov* at the little Tatler theatre in the Charing Cross Road. Wonderful by any standard other than Hollywood. This film tells the story of Napoleon's defeat in 1812. Do you see Moscow in a conflagration of a stupendousness to set you calculating how many million gallons of petrol were used? No. No more of the conflagration is shown than would make a bonfire in an East End London street on the fifth of November. What the film shows is the relentless pressure of events upon a megalomaniac who thought he was bigger than fate and circumstance. The war sequences are superb. In the writings of Leonardo da Vinci there occur almost as many trenchant sayings on life and human affairs as on art and natural law; and of war he has disposed in two words as a “bestial frenzy” (*pazzia bestialissima*). In his design for the Hall of Council, Leonardo set himself to depict this frenzy at its fiercest. He chose the moment of a terrific struggle for the

colours between the opposing sides; hence the work became known in the history of art as the Battle of the Standard. Judging by the accounts of those who saw it, the tumultuous entanglement of men and horses, and the expressions of martial fury and despair, must in this case have been combined and rendered with a mastery no less commanding than had been the looks and gestures of soul's perplexity and dismay among the peaceful company on the convent wall at Milan. Leonardo had finished his cartoon in less than two years (1504–1505), and when it was exhibited along with that of Michelangelo, the two rival works seemed to all men a new revelation of the powers of art.

No, reader, the passage which you have just read is not to be credited to the present film critic of the *Tatler*. It is from the glowing pen of Sidney Colvin. It is not too much to say of this film that its battle scenes live up to Leonardo.

WHAT magnificent actors these Russians are! There, you feel, are real Russian generals. Real French marshals. A real Napoleon. And a real Kutusov. There are the faces, countenances, masks of great men, instead of the handsome, nit-wit, unbelievable pans on which Hollywood has imposed historic headgear. Only once, in this superb picture, is there any departure from reality. This is the moment at which, in an unfortunate caption, Napoleon is made to say: “What's on your mind, Marshal?”



“All right, then—any more questions about the pillar-box...?”



John Carroll as Morgan, Ruth Hussey as Hedy and Charles Ruggles as Doc Frederiks in "Bedside Manner"

"Bedside Manner"

With a Woman Doctor's
Whims and Fancies

● Hedy Frederiks is an attractive woman plastic surgeon who is on her way to Chicago. She spends the night at her uncle Doc Frederik's home and runs into a young man, Morgan Hale. Hailing him as an old friend she causes him to have a quarrel with his girl, for which he dislikes her intensely. Her uncle tries to persuade Hedy to stay in town as he has so much work, but she is determined to go on to Chicago. Morgan has an aeroplane accident and Hedy has to stitch up his head at the hospital. When he comes round he falls in love with her, and also tries unsuccessfully to get her to stay. Hedy sets off several times to Chicago without success, and at last in love with Morgan but still determined to have her way, she drives off and has an accident herself. It is Morgan's turn to be the doctor, and the capricious feminine doctor finds he is a good one

Love Letters"

Bring Murder, Romance
and Melodrama

● Captain Alan Quinton has been writing letters for Roger Morland, a brother officer, to a girl called Victoria, in England. Feeling guilty because the girl has obviously fallen in love with Roger through the letters, he refuses to continue the deception. Roger gets back to England and marries Victoria, and later Alan returns and hears that Roger has been murdered. He meets a lovely girl who is merely known as Singleton and falls deeply in love with her. From her girl friend he learns that she is really Victoria, and has served a sentence for manslaughter for murdering Roger but that she has lost her memory. Alan marries Singleton and slowly and horribly her memory comes back. At last it is proved that she is innocent, and then Alan has to tell her that it was he, and not Roger, who wrote the letters. He is desperately afraid that he will lose Singleton but it only makes her love him more than ever

Jennifer Jones as Singleton, and Joseph Cotten as Alan in "Love Letters"



The Theatre

"Follow The Girls" (His Majesty's)

MR. ARTHUR ASKEY has ordered champagne at some expensive joint or other and finds he has not enough to pay for a cup of coffee for his girl friend. Dilemma. The lamp-shade of his table is pink; at an adjoining one it is blue; and a line in the dialogue makes it clear that waitresses serve only the tables which have lamp-shades the same colour as their caps. So it is a matter of a moment, a roll of a horn-rimmed eye and an agile movement for Mr. Askey to change one lamp-shade for another, bring confusion on bills confusing coffee and champagne and make away with the bubbly while a perplexed officer, who happens to be Mr. Hugh French, a Maurice Chevalier type, is stating his intention of complaining to the management.

So far, so very much in the tradition of modern musical comedy, but a memory insists on intruding, and it is of a red-haired little comedian called Edmund Payne who once found himself in a similar predicament. Payne had, by mistake, called in at an exclusive restaurant and, with the simplicity of the true comedian, had put all the coins in his pocket on the table while he worked out a sum with actual silver and copper. Four shillings for theatre tickets—it was pre-1914 war—two shillings for a taxi, three-and-six for supper, a shilling for chocolates, sixpence for tips, and then a waitress, setting down a cup of tea with the air of a *Punch* duchess going slumming, sweeps the whole lot off the table and with a flounce and a "thank you, sir," leaves Payne to brood over the ruins of an evening which a moment before had gleamed with light and promise. To brood, for the play was not in a hurry to jolt him into a song, to bustle him into a routine patter and let loose the horde of dancers, *ballet*, acrobatic and tap, waiting in the wings. Payne was allowed to brood, and, in the manner of Chaplin, he made clear by the passive act of sitting and letting emotion express itself in a lift of the eye, a droop of the mouth and a twitch of the nose, the extent of the catastrophe the waitress had caused.

MR. ASKEY is not another Teddy Payne, but he is at once a Cockney and a clown and the

pity is that this spectacular and lavish production which sails Anglo-American flags and finishes up in an American port seldom allows him to develop a personality which goes deeper than the tricks and conventions of a music-hall turn. He is, it is true, not so much permitted as encouraged to be the life and soul of a series of irresponsible naval occasions, but his embarrassment with a set of women's underclothes, for instance, when he is attempting to disguise himself as a Wren officer, is too stereotyped, and the comic moments in general are built to the too rigid lines of American imitation. Once Mr. Askey, translating in dumb-show the bellowed commands of a petty officer, achieves the kind of triumph which might easily be his if he did not work quite so hard—and the production did not work him so hard—at being the funny man of the party. Miss Evelyn Dall threatens to strip-tease, but never does and that is as well, for Miss Dall has only to be clothed and in her right mind to be an entirely delightful person. She is a blonde bombshell in miniature, and she has what bombshells are notoriously lacking in, a sense of humour which she is obviously capable of directing at herself.

Follow the Girls, however, will probably owe its following to its dancing and Miss Wendy Toye on the first night succeeded in stopping a show which showed set determination not to allow *encores*. She gave what appeared to be two simple exercises in *ballet* and they were enough to persuade the audience that it was witnessing the kind of thing that leads experts to produce esoteric volumes at two guineas a time. Mr. Jack Billings, a husky, loose-limbed Canadian, danced about the stage with an acrobatic laziness which at once concealed, and was eloquent of, an admirable technique, and Mr. Vic Marlowe was light and agile. *Follow the Girls* has no good tunes and few good lines, but it is bright, bouncing, full of colour and energy and constitutes some kind of evidence that the war is really over.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Above: Goofy Gale, pocket prince of playmates (Arthur Askey); big, bad, bullying Petty-Officer Banner (David Dale); Bob Monroe, film star and singing sailor (Hugh French). Right: Nimble footed jack tar Dinkey Ri'ey (Jack Billings) and ballet dancing heroine Betty Deleaninnion (Wendy Toye) with Bubbles-Lamarr, blonde bombshell strip-tease girl (Evelyn Dall) and the scheming hussy of the piece, Phyllis Brent (Sheila Douglas-Pennant)



Angus McBean

Caught on the Rebound

Sophie Stewart and Richard Bird
in a Comedy of Family Life

Lady From Edinburgh, latest comedy by Aimee Stuart and L. Arthur Rose, has been playing now for well over three hundred performances at the Playhouse Theatre. In it, Sophie Stewart appears as Aunt Christabel, the voluble, managing lady who, finding herself a widow, descends upon her family in London and proceeds to regulate their lives, annexing in the process the very eligible Professor who, until her arrival, had devotedly attached himself to the daughter of the house. The Professor is played by Richard Bird, who makes this his return to the stage after four years as producer of such successes as *Quiet Week-End*, *No Medals*, *Brighton Rock* and *Madame Louise*. In private life, Sophie Stewart is the wife of actor Ellis Irving. She is the sister of Mr. Henderson Stewart, Liberal M.P. for East Fifeshire, and made her first hit in the title-role of "Marigold"

JENNIFER WRITES

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

NOTES IN THE MARGIN

*Nov. 14th
Foyle Luncheon
at the Dorchester
Guest of Honour
Mr. John Watt
of B.B.C. fame.*

*Nov. 17th
Steeplechasing
at Windoor.*

*Nov. 18th
3 p.m. Coliseum
Concert organised
by Countess of
Southesk to help
South London
Hospital for
Women & Children.*

*Nov. 19th
H.M. Queen Mary
at Gaumont,
Haymarket.
Premiere of
"The Wicked Lady"
in aid of British
Hospital for
Mothers & Babies*

NEWMARKET

PRINCESS ELIZABETH's unexpected presence at the Newmarket Autumn Meeting added a delightful social touch to three days of thrilling racing.

Besides giving pleasure to racegoers, the Princess, by appearing once more at a meeting without the King and Queen, has renewed the belief of those who say that it will not be long before we see a second set of Royal colours registered with the Jockey Club, with the Princess's badge on them.

In spite of semi-official statements that nothing is known of any intention by the Princess to start a racing string, it is clear that she has become really keen on the sport, and it is unlikely that she will remain for long satisfied to be merely a spectator.

The recent leasing of some of the finest youngsters from the National Stud to the Royal Stables should not, however, be taken into account in this connection. The National Stud horses have been leased purely for use in the King's own racing establishment, where both Captain Moore, that grey-moustached, knowledgeable Irishman who is His Majesty's Racing Manager, and Captain Boyd-Rochfort, the trainer, have great hopes of an even more successful season next year.

ASCOT PLANS

ANOTHER piece of Royal news of more than average interest to all racegoers is the appointment of the Duke of Norfolk to be His Majesty's Representative at Ascot, in which he will carry out the duties hitherto associated with the post of Comptroller at Ascot. This post, so long and so admirably filled by the Earl of Granard, whose imperturbable manner and never-failing smile are among the most cherished memories of pre-war Ascots, is now abolished, which means that the thirty-seven-year-old Duke becomes the virtual director of Ascot racing, acting, of course, in collaboration with the Ascot Trustees, of whom he is himself one. Sir Ulick Alexander, that wise financial counsellor and great racing enthusiast, who is Keeper of His Majesty's Privy Purse and Treasurer to the King, and Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, another of the best-known and best-liked figures in the racing world, have also been appointed Trustees by the King, so that there are hopes that in the coming season we may see a revival of something like the famous four-day garden-party meetings that made Ascot perhaps the happiest, and certainly the most elegant, of all racing occasions.

AT HOME

THE Dowager Lady Swaythling's first party since the end of hostilities was held in her charming house in Kensington Court, and everyone was delighted to see her lovely music-room open again. This room, the scene of many delightful musical parties in pre-war days, was used as a box-room during the war, as the real box-room at the top of the house was damaged by fire from incendiaries. Lady Swaythling was, as usual, a wonderful hostess, looking after her guests and moving between the rooms introducing everyone. One of the first people I saw was the Duchess of Atholl, an old friend of the hostess, not often seen at parties, who was talking to Admiral Hewitt and his charming wife. Admiral Hewitt has succeeded Admiral Stark as head of the U.S. Naval Staff over here. Admiral Lewis, also of the American Navy, was with his wife; and Mme. Gusev, wife of the Soviet Ambassador, talked to M. and Mme. Leontic. Mrs. Attlee, wearing an attractive black velvet hat with her beautifully-tailored black coat, was deep in conversation with Field-Marshal Lord Milne.

A TOUCH OF COLOUR

MME. PHANG, looking charming in her national dress of pale green, gave a touch of colour to the party, where most of the women wore black. Mlle. Iran Ala, who wore a bright scarlet coat, and white flowers in her hair, was another exception; she is the very attractive daughter of the newly-appointed Iranian Ambassador to the U.S.A., who was there with Mme. Ala. Other members of the

Diplomatic world present were the Brazilian Ambassador and Senhora Aragao, Mme. Verduynen, the Iranian Minister and his wife, the Icelandic Minister and his wife, the Luxembourg Minister and Mme. Clarson, M. and Mme. Rybar, and Sir George Clerk, who, before he retired in 1937, was consecutively our Ambassador in Constantinople, Brussels and, lastly, Paris. Among others there were Lady Savile, Lady Kennet, Lady David Douglas-Hamilton (widow of the Duke of Hamilton's youngest brother); Lady Leathers, Captain Foley, of the Australian Navy; Colonel L'Hopital, a charming and interesting Frenchman, who was on Marechal Foch's staff during the first European War, Sir Thomas Cook, pretty Mrs. Thomas Dorrien-Smith, who was Princess Tamara Imeretinsky before her recent marriage, and Miss Caroline Haslett.

CANBERRA WEDDING

THE Church of St. John the Baptist, in Canberra, was crowded for the marriage of Brigadier Derek Schreiber, Chief of Staff to the Governor-General, the Duke of Gloucester, to Viscountess Clive. The bridegroom, in the uniform of the 11th Hussars, the famous "Cherry Pickers," arrived at the church accompanied by his best man, Sir Willoughby Norrie, the Governor of South Australia. Shortly afterwards, H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, wearing a dress of midnight-blue silk jersey and two lovely diamond clips, arrived with Prince William and Lady Clive's little daughter, Davina, who is the Baroness Darcy de Knayth in her own right.

After the ceremony, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester gave a reception to several hundred guests at Government House, where the fine reception rooms were decorated with orchids, gladioli, lupins and stocks. It was a lovely day, and many of the women were wearing gaily-printed summer frocks and flowered hats. Among the guests were Captain Ralph Edwards, the bride's cousin; Sir Claud and Lady Reading, Lieut.-General Sir Leslie and Lady Morshead, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. G. D. Moore, Mrs. Anthony Hordern, Miss F. Paranjpye, daughter of the High Commissioner of India; Major-General and Mrs. Plant, Commodore and Mrs. Farncomb, Dame Mary Hughes and many more. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, with little Davina Darcy de Knayth, went to the airport to see the bride and bridegroom off in the Duke's aeroplane for the honeymoon, which is being spent in the lovely house Mrs. Peter Russo has lent at Palm Beach. An amusing incident happened when the bride and bridegroom stepped into their car to leave Government House, for little Prince William followed them and had to be rescued by his mother.

PRETTY WEDDING

A SWEET retinue of children followed Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy, daughter of the late Viscountess Ipswich and younger sister of the late Duke of Grafton, up the aisle of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for her marriage to Mr. Francis Williams, son of the late Mr. Henry Harcourt Williams and Dolores Lady Rendlesham. The little bridesmaids, Jennifer and Juliet Nelson, Fiona Sheffield and Karen Player, wore long white organdie dresses with red sashes, and red flowers in their hair, and carried baskets of red and white flowers; the pages, Peter Player, Donough McGillicuddy, Andrew Parker-Bowles and Hugo Morriss, were in white frilled shirts and long red trousers. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Lt.-Col. James Nelson, of the Grenadier Guards. The church and the reception afterwards were both crowded. The guests included the Duke and Duchess of Grafton, the bride's only sister, Lady Jane Nelson; Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker-Bowles, and Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, who had their elder daughter, Serena, with them. Others I saw were Lady Iyell, Lady Petre, who had pinned a spray of white gardenias to her short fur coat, Mrs. Nicky Morriss, Mr. Tom Blackwell, Mrs. Jimmy Bowes-Lyon, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Everard Hambro, Lady Robert Crichton-Stuart, Mrs. Anthony Nutting and Mrs. Robin Wilson.



The Duchess of Gloucester arrived at St. John the Baptist Church, Canberra, with her elder son, Prince William, who was a page at the wedding, and was accompanied by her lady-in-waiting, Miss Eileen Phipps

Married in Australia

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at the Wedding of Brigadier Schreiber and Viscountess Clive at Canberra



Brig. Derek Schreiber and his bride, Viscountess Clive: in the foreground are Prince William of Gloucester and the Baroness Darcy de Knayth. (More of the wedding in "Jennifer's Social Journal")



The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, with their two sons, Prince William and Prince Richard, attended the wedding of Brig. Schreiber, the Duke of Gloucester's Chief of Staff, and Viscountess Clive. The Royal Party were photographed with the bride and bridegroom during the reception held at Government House



The bride, Viscountess Clive, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester and widow of the late S/Ldr. Viscount Clive, arrived at the church with the Duke of Gloucester, who gave her away

Greek Wedding in London

Lady Crosfield's Niece Married



Mr. Paul Crosfield and Miss Christina Osorio were talking to the Duchess of Montoro, daughter of the Duke of Alba, and the Belgian Ambassador

● Commander N. Sarris, R.H.N., and Miss Domini Papalexopoulou were married recently at the Greek Cathedral, Bayswater. There were two bridesmaids, Miss Helen Papalexopoulou, the bride's sister, and Miss Adda Samoilys. The two Koumbaros were Mme. Venizelos and Lady Crosfield, and the Duchess of Montoro and Mr. Paul Crosfield were the two candle-bearers. The Greek Naval Attaché, Captain Eugene Valassakis, R.H.N., was best man



The bride and bridegroom were Commander N. Sarris, Royal Hellenic Navy, and Miss Domini Papalexopoulou, eldest daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Papalexopoulou, and niece of Lady Crosfield



A young train-bearer who was enjoying an ice-cream was Corinna Dixon, while Mrs. Pearson was taking care of the bouquet



During the reception held at her house, Lady Crosfield, the bride's aunt, was welcoming the Rev. Archimandrite J. Virvos, who assisted at the ceremony

Large London Wedding

Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy Marries
Mr. Francis Trelawny Williams



The bride's sister, Lady Jane Nelson, came with her husband, Lt.-Col. E. J. B. Nelson, Grenadier Guards, who gave the bride away



Mr. R. Sheffield was photographed with Lord Petre's attractive wife, Lady Petre. Lord Petre, who is the 17th Baron, is in the Royal Fusiliers



Snatche
Mr. Francis Trelawny Williams and his bride, Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy, were cutting the cake. (A description of the wedding is given by Jennifer in her "Social Journal," published on page 200)



A group of child bridal attendants included Jennifer and Juliet Nelson, Karen Player, Fiona Sheffield, Peter Player, Donough McGillicuddy, Andrew Parker-Bowles and Hugo Morriss



The Duke and Duchess of Grafton, aunt and uncle of the bride, were having a quiet chat together at the reception. The Duchess, who was formerly Mrs. Rita Currie, married the Duke of Grafton last year



Mrs. Malaprop: "Come, come, let's have no honour before ladies. Captain Absolute, come here. How could you intimidate us so? Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you." Jack: "For fear I should be killed, or escape, Ma'am?" Mrs. Malaprop's timely, if somewhat unconventional, arrival prevents a matter of honour, and some unnecessary bloodshed. (Audrey Fildes, Anthony Quayle, Edith Evans, Morland Graham, Jean Wilson, Michael Gough, Pauline Jameson, Charles Lamb, Bredni O'Rourke, Reginald Beckwith)



*Faulkland: "If your love for me were fixed and ardent, you would not lose your hold, even though I wished it"
Julia: "Oh, you torture me to the heart. I cannot bear it"
Faulkland, that jealous and temperamental lover, must for ever find fault with his fair Julia, although she is both faithful and sweetly tolerant of his difficult nature*



*Sir Lucius: "Upon my conscience, Lucy, your lady is a great mistress of language. Faith, she's quite the Queen of the dictionary"
Sir Lucius O'Trigger is carrying on an affectionate correspondence with someone whom he fondly believes to be Lydia but in reality is Mrs. Malaprop. The not-so-simple Lucy spends a great deal of her time carrying such letters to and fro and makes a goodly sum by it*



Mrs. Malaprop: "There's a little intricate hussy for you"

Sir Anthony: "It is not to be wondered at, Ma'am. All this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by heaven, I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!"

Mrs. Malaprop: "Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthrope"

Sir Anthony Absolute and Mrs. Malaprop go into conference concerning the marriage they propose to arrange between Jack Absolute and Lydia Languish (Morland Graham, Edith Evans)

A Sheridan Revival

New Production of "The Rivals,"
at the Criterion Theatre

● The revival of Sheridan's *The Rivals* is a colourful production, with Edith Evans unsurpassable as ever as that over-eloquent lady, Mrs. Malaprop; every moment that she is on the stage she is deliciously and fantastically comic. Other excellent comedy performances come from Morland Graham as Sir Anthony Absolute, who delivers some pungent pieces of parental advice to his son Jack, most dashing played by Anthony Quayle, and Reginald Beckwith as Bob Acres, the clod-hopping beau from the North. Audrey Fildes is a charming, if capricious, minx as Lydia Languish, and Peter Cushing raves most ardently as Faulkland. The decor by Oliver Messel is a notable feature of the production, which carries one back so decoratively to eighteenth-century Bath



Lydia: "Mr. Absolute"

Jack: "Ma'am"

Lydia: "O heavens! Beverley!"

Jack is forced by his father to pay his addresses to Lydia, and finds himself in a difficult situation. He has hitherto been wooing her under the name of Ensign Beverley, as the romantic Lydia wanted to elope

PRISCILLA in PARIS

TOO MANY FIRST NIGHTS

DO.A.H. Although we try to Coué ourselves that everything in the herbaceous border is lovely, Paris is not tugging at her socks quite so industriously as one might wish, except in the theatrical world, where everyone seems to be working overtime. First nights succeed each other with headache-making rapidity, and now that the town has gone back to pre-war hours and the shows begin at 9 p.m., those of us that have jobs that get us up bright and early next morning are not too pleased at the so-called pleasures that keep us out so late. It would not be so bad if the "pleasures" were worth while, but, alas, the quality of these shows is not on a par with their quantity.

We spent a pretty ghastly evening at the Gymnase, where we politely sat through Maurice Rostand's *Charlotte and Maximilian*. It was a beautiful production, and since Gaby Morlay was the leading lady, beautifully played while she was on the stage; but the rest of the time, despite gorgeous costumes and décor, one had the impression that one was listening to the laborious composition of a sentimental school-marm making a brave effort to interest the Young Idea in the misfortunes of two pitiful but not very interesting lovers.

The climax of mediocrity, however, was reached last night, at the Théâtre Michel, by M. René Fauchois, whose comedy *The Late Christopher Bean* had such a success in London some years ago. M. Fauchois, as a long list of successes attests, knows his job, but this time he misses the command car by several leaps. His story of the great-hearted, benevolent Canon of a cathedral town, who believes no evil of any man, has to be seen to be disbelieved.

THE poor-boxes of the cathedral are being robbed daily. These petty thefts are followed by that of the chased, copper-coloured, glass-decorated casket containing the miracle-making relics that are the treasure of the church. Although it breaks his kind heart to do so, the padre asks his brother, a famous detective, to try and discover the thief. The inmates of the padre's establishment are as follows. One: the penniless twenty-year-old secretary godson who, we are told in the long opening scene of the play, has fallen in love with a beautiful girl who—and it happened in the kirk—has allowed him to take her in his arms, imprint chaste kisses on her eyes, and then vanished before he could ask for her telephone number. (Later he sees the picture of a Saint's head, in an antiquary's shop, that resembles the unknown beloved, price 50,000 francs. He hasn't as many sous!) Two: the housekeeper—a virtuous (methinks the lady doth protest too much) punaise de sacristie! Three: the beadle who, it seems, has made improper advances to the housekeeper and been indignantly repulsed. Four: a rich and beautiful American who has offered the padre 50,000 dollars for the relics that he refuses to sell—and couldn't if he would! Five: a handsome, starving Spaniard who is found in a fainting condition in the cathedral and is befriended by the American.

Suspicion falls on them, of course, and also on the godson, who has become possessor of the coveted picture of the Saint. The beadle is discovered to be leading a double life, patronising all the haunts of vice that the town boasts of. The detective appears in various disguises, and there is the usual funny business of the man in women's clothes smoking a pipe and unable to straddle a chair till he pulls up

his skirt and shows his plus-fours. Mysteriously the poor-boxes are found stuffed with mille notes and later the casket reappears in its usual place. Even the detective is nonplussed. However, the picture proves to be a copy that the godson has bought for a few francs, the money spent by the beadle comes from a winning lottery ticket and the casket is found to be a copy, but a copy made of gold instead of copper, enriched with real jewels and made by the Spaniard, at the American's request, in a couple of days' time. We are not told how they got hold of the gold and diamonds in these hard times. She has also refilled the alms-boxes.

The mystery thickens, and the detective, now wearing a black velvet coat, suede russet pants and still smoking a pipe that turns all the men in the front rows of the stalls green with envy, is more and more nonplussed. We, of course, long to tell him to turn the searchlight on the housekeeper, who is the only non-suspect so far. Since it is almost time for the last curtain, she obligingly "comes across" all uninvited, while the poor numbskulls on the stage listen with bated breath. So did we, but not for the same reason.

THE part was played by Parysis, whom you may have seen, while ago, at the Mayol and other music halls, all limbs, smiles and S.A. To see Parysis in melodrama was interesting. Would she get away with it? She did, although the role was pure bilge, or perhaps for that very reason. Yuss, my beloved reader, the housekeeper in her youth had been no better than she oughter. A cheild was born. How she loved that cheild! Need I tell you that she played prostitute and thief to have the wherewithal to bring it up a Perfect Lady.

When it was old enough to understand she changed her ways, and in time managed to obtain her present post. She "lives out," of course. Daughter falls sick of some mysterious decline. Mother robs the poor-boxes to pay the doctor, and pinches the relics, that she puts under daughter's pillow, in hopes that they will work a miracle. Having confessed to which, Mother falls on the carpet and does a job of writhing. Little Parysis brings this off with such wholehearted sincerity that she was quite moving, bless her tawdry little brain. The padre brings in a few lines about repentant Magdalens and Mother Love, and the door opens revealing daughter, cured, bearing aloft the real casket that has done the trick, and, believe me or not, Daughter is the Fair Unknown that godson kissed in the kirk! They fall into each other's arms. Padre blesses them and, coming down to the footlights, tells the audience that he hopes the happy ending will be appreciated.

No! This is not a joke. It was all dead serious. We filed out somewhat stunned, and wondering whether the detective had gone home and hung himself with his brogue laces. I seem to have spread myself a bit over this, but it seems too good a story not to pass it on, and even so I've not had space for half the nubby details.

PRISCILLA.



Mme. Jacques André, of the famous A.S.A. Volunteer Ambulance Unit, was photographed with her stepson, Patrick, who joined up in the Fire-Fighting Brigade when he was not yet eighteen. Mme. André has been awarded the Croix de Guerre for her fine work



Mlle. Claude Samazeuilh did brilliant work during the German advance at Bras, near Verdun, in June 1940, where she was working as a surgical nurse. Her father, the late René Samazeuilh, was well known in English sporting and literary circles as a fine horseman and journalist



Photograph by the Hon. M. W. Blphinstone

Arnold Mason, A.R.A.

A Prominent Portrait-Painter

Considered to be one of the leading portrait-painters of to-day, Arnold Mason studied at the Royal College of Art and the Slade, in Paris and Rome, and was elected an A.R.A. in 1940. One of his most striking pictures is his own "Self-Portrait." This is a magnificent work, in which the artist has caught his own likeness with amazing power and accuracy, while he himself considers this to be quite one of the finest of his pictures. A fine landscape-painter, he travelled widely before the war, painting in such colourful corners of the world as the Balearic Islands, Majorca and Ibiza. In 1942 H.M. the Queen bought a picture, which he had, painted some years before in Martigues, of a group of fishermen returning to harbour. Known to his fellow-artists as one of the few remaining Bohemian figures, he has a studio in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea



Viscountess Selby is the wife of Viscount Selby, whom she married in 1933. With her are her two daughters, the Hon. Sandra and the Hon. Audrey Gully, and her sons, the Hon. Michael and the Hon. Edward Gully, who was born in March of this year. Lady Selby was Miss Veronica Briscoe-George before her marriage



Lady Janet Crichton-Stuart is the wife of Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart, and a daughter of the Earl of Eglinton and Winton. Her husband is the second son of the Marquess of Bute, and married Lady Janet in 1934. They have two sons, Ninian, who was born in 1935, and Henry, three years younger, who is seen riding his bicycle

A Family Album

In Town and Country



The Hon. Mrs. Wellesley Colley, holding her baby daughter, Angela, is the widow of the late Lt. Philip Anthony Wellesley Colley, who was killed in action in 1944. The elder daughter of Lord Garvagh, of the Grange, Keswick, she was the Hon. Valerie Canning before her marriage in 1942



Countess Orssich is the wife of Count Robert Orssich, who is a well-known judge at horse-shows. Her two children are Paul, aged three, and Susan, who is just twenty months. She is the youngest daughter of the late Capt. the Hon. Alec Henderson and Lady Murrough Wilson, and married Count Orssich in 1941



Mrs. Robert Hoare, photographed with her children, Samuel and Sheila, is the wife of Major Robert Hoare, M.C., Leicestershire Yeomanry, and was formerly Miss Betty McCall, daughter of Mrs. McCall, of Ennel Lodge, Mullingar, Co. West Meath, Eire. Her husband is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Hoare, of Holywell Hall, Stamford

Photographs by
Marcus Adams,
Compton Collier,
David Gurney,
Swaebe, and Yevonde

Lady Lyell is with her six-year-old son, Charles, who is the third baron. He succeeded his father, the late Lord Lyell, V.C., who was killed in action in 1943. Before her marriage Lady Lyell was Miss Sophie Trafford, second daughter of Major Sigismund and Lady Elizabeth Trafford, of Wrotham Hall, Norfolk. Her mother is a daughter of the seventh Earl of Abingdon



Mrs. Adrian Henderson is the elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Robert Dennistoun-Webster, of Hurst Grange, Twyford, and married Mr. Adrian Henderson last year. Her husband is the younger son of the late Capt. the Hon. Alec Henderson and Lady Murrough Wilson. Mrs. Henderson is holding her baby son, Gavin



Mrs. J. N. W. Gwynne is the wife of Major J. N. W. Gwynne, R.A., who has served in the Commandos, and is the younger daughter of Sir Clive and the Hon. Lady Morrison-Bell. Her mother is the youngest sister of Viscount Powerscourt, and her aunt is Lady Templemore, wife of Lord Templemore. With Mrs. Gwynne are her two children, Martin and Jessica



Diana Wynyard was the first speaker. Amusingly, she recalled twenty years of theatre inseparable from grease-paint. Miss Edith Evans is on the left with Mr. S. Pollitzer in the centre



Mr. Lupino Lane (who had to leave early for the matinee at the Victoria Palace) joined Mr. and Mrs. Robertson Hare for a quick one before lunch



Three great comedians were in open competition, each story bettering the last: Arthur Riscoe, George Graves, Ralph Lynn



Fay Compton sat beside Leslie Banks. Miss Compton has been playing, with much charm and great success, the leading part in "No Medals," at the Vaudeville for over a year



As usual, the two Hermiones were in great form. The laughter of their neighbours at lunch was heard throughout the room. Baddeley (radiantly detailing her latest slimming cure) is on the left, Gingold on the right

High Spirits

At a Mid-day Party

● Stage and screen foregathered at a luncheon party to pay tribute to the men and women who throughout the war have never failed to keep going the all-essential supplies of theatrical make-up. According to Miss Peggy Ashcroft, who responded to the toast of "the theatre," no obstacle was too great to be overcome, and on at least one occasion a box of make-up made a parachute descent into the war zone somewhere in Yugoslavia to ensure that the show—in this case, a Drama Festival—should go on

By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

Rowing

WHETHER you pronounce the "ow" as in "cow," or as in "furrow," is of no great moment, for it serves the present purpose equally well; but what is of consequence is the fact that "Coach" obviously does not know his job. If he did, he would stop the Boat, and then talk to the crew like a Dutch Uncle. From "Stroke" to "Bow," he would catalogue their many and grievous sins of commission and omission: rushing forward, kicking their slides away, pulling themselves up by the straps, washing out, cutting under, to say nothing of omitting to keep their eyes in the boat. "Coach" would draw attention in vivid prose to the infernal bucket there was on the boat, and tell them that if they wanted to swamp her they were going the very right way about it. He would further tell them to row it right back on to their zephyrs, and that he only wanted to hear one click at the finish instead of eight. As to the little man squatting on the Pontius, he would tell him that he must cease to go up the river like a ruddy snake, and that jamming the rudder on while the blades are in the water was the very best recipe for upsetting everyone and taking the pace off. These are only some of the things "Coach" would do if he knew his job. What he would say about watermanship I shudder to think!

The Score Board

TOP-SCORER is "The Bank," and its last two wickets added materially to a knock that was already comfortable and nourishing! Perry Piper, 33 to 1 in the Cesarewitch, was not quite a skinner; but Esquire in the Cambridge was pretty nearly one; the Derby may not have shown much profit, and the Oaks probably did not do much in that direction; but, if the same is true of the Leger, there must be some very bad bookmakers around and about! The Gold Cup cannot have hurt them seriously, for though Ocean Swell started at sixes, there must have been some good field money with Tehran beaten at 7 to 4 on and Abbots Fell placed at 25 to 1 against, to say nothing about the Borealis, John Peel and Hycilla money.

The Owners

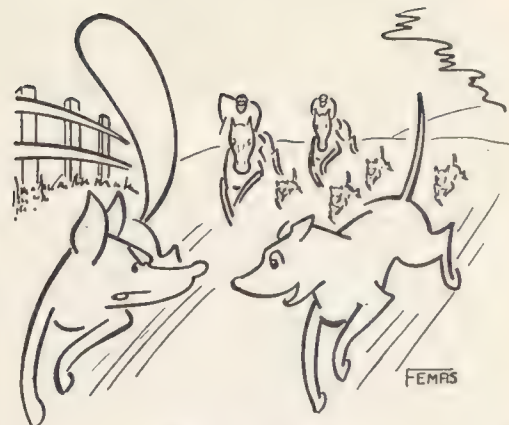
HIS MAJESTY, considering all the surrounding circumstances, has returned an extremely good average. I do not think that it can be said the King has a really shining light in the stable; but I suggest, and I hope, that Rising Light is very well named! Hypericum, H.M.'s Dewhurst winner, may be anything. She'd nothing much behind her, and we do not yet know whether she had the best two-year-old colt of the year in Khaled in front of her in the Middle Park. Personally, I do not think so. I am sure that Captain Boyd-Rochfort is as sorry to lose game little Fair Glint as I am to see him go, knowing India and, therefore, to what it is he is going. There is no real stuff in the grass that grows on India's coral strand, and I should say that Greenland's icy mountains run it pretty close in that respect. I have never been to Greenland. Lord Derby, who, I am sure, all his friends will hope will be in good enough health to make The Speech at the Gimcrack Dinner, has the distinction of heading the account, and also of owning the champion sire, Hyperion. No one has more friends and admirers in the racing world than Lord Derby, and satisfactory as it is to record his Lordship's success, thanks to such good horses as Borealis, Wayside Inn, Sun Stream, to pick a few, it is even more satisfactory when we look to wind'ard from where the weather is coming. Gulf Stream always looked very good to me long before he laid out Rivaz, and Downrush and Sky High might very easily be first-class understudies. Though the Blue Ribbon still eludes Lord Astor, he can take much comfort

from the fact that in Court Martial, his Two Thousand and Champion winner, and third in the Derby, and Amber Flash, his Jockey Club Cup winner, he owns two of the best of the year, and in the latter the champion stayer of her age. It is good to know that Court Martial is to remain in training next season, and I could wish that the same were true about Amber Flash, but she retires to the harém, making it easier for Chamossaire in next year's Gold Cup. Even so, I do not believe that the Leger winner will find the starboard light burning bright, for a Rising Light may get in the way. H.H. the Aga Khan can well afford to be content with third place, having so often occupied a loftier one. At the moment we are out of conceit with Rivaz, and have ceased to regard her as the brightest jewel in H.H.'s diadem, but the sex is proverbially uncertain, and so forth, and we may yet find her getting her own back on her sisters, even if her brothers are too masterful for her. Khaled? I think I am going to leave it at a question-mark—for the moment. Naishapur? We hope that next year we may see her going much farther, but at present we are not sure whether she will. Tehran is an established father of the future. As to the rest, the ground has already been quartered, and also my allotted space forbids me to venture any farther, sore though the temptation is.

Leading Studs

THE concluding paragraphs of Mr. Adair Dighton's most interesting article on blood-stock breeding in a recent issue of the *Sporting Life*, of which he is "The Special Commissioner," were untimely cut off in these notes a bit ago. Since they are of much value, I now append them, vis-à-vis the season's statistics:

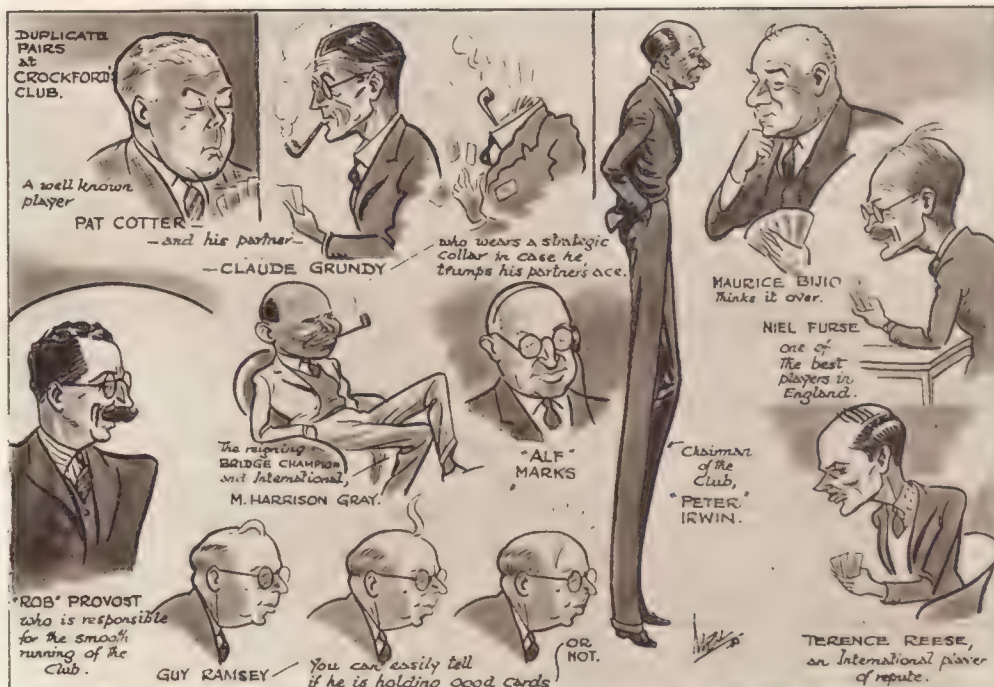
Statistics relating to the leading studs are of similar interest. Last year the leaders, with their averages, were Sledmere, 4980 guineas; National, 4866 guineas; Mrs. J. J. Maher's, 4760 guineas; Sir Eric Ohlsen's, 4350 guineas; Swynford Paddocks, 3802 guineas; Mr. Ernest Bellaney's, 2525 guineas; Mr. E. Esmond's, 2197 guineas; and the Kildangan, 2166 guineas. This year the leading six remain the same, but the order is changed. Sir Eric Ohlsen is at the head of affairs, with an average of 6666 guineas,



which, by the way, is not a record average, as this is held by the late Mr. J. J. Maher, who in 1928 sold three yearlings for an average of 9166 guineas. Without in any way detracting from Sir Eric's success, honours for the sale must go to the Swynford Paddocks Stud, with an average of 6185 guineas, made by just about the best half-dozen yearlings that have ever emanated from a single stud for a single sale.

Next in order came the National, with an average of 4614 guineas, which would have been a great deal higher if so many of the "star turns" had not been leased. Sledmere, with 4500 guineas each for five, dropped to the fourth position and made just a better average than the Irish breeders, Mr. Ernest Bellaney and Mrs. Maher, who averaged, respectively, 4200 guineas and 4044 guineas for the three and five properties which they sold. Others to do well were the Kildangan, who averaged 5712 guineas, Worksop Manor, who are selling again at the next auction and averaged 3166 guineas, the Duke of Westminster, whose lots made an average of 2770 guineas as against 1055 guineas, and the Burton Agnes, Collins-town and Tally Ho Studs, who made well over their usual figures. My final set of figures is, I think, original. At the later sales of 1944 there were obviously certain breeders buying foals with the idea of making a profit on their resale as yearlings. Twenty-one of these were included in the September catalogue, and eighteen of them, which had cost 26,245 guineas as foals, found new owners as yearlings at a total of 32,180 guineas.

Truly remarkable figures, taking into special account the peculiarly adverse circumstances under which they were achieved.



Crockford's Club, by "Mel." Crockford's, in Carlton House Terrace, is the oldest mixed bridge club in London, and among its members are players of outstanding ability, some of whom are caricatured above



The Cambridgeshire was won by Mr. J. Bueno's Esquire, and ridden by G. Packer. The winner is coming in at the finish on the extreme left, with part of the field passing the winning-post



P. S. R. W. Colling is the well-known Newmarket trainer who trained Esquire, the Cambridgeshire winner, owned by Mr. J. Bueno, which started at 40 to 1

The Cambridgeshire at Newmarket

The Last Meeting of this Year's Season on the Flat

● The Newmarket Houghton Meeting brought this year's season on the flat to a close. The race for the always popular Cambridgeshire Stakes, the second half of the autumn double, was won by Esquire from Joan's Star and Grandmaster; all three are second-season horses. The most interesting feature, apart from the Cambridgeshire, was the success of Gordon Richards, who rode his 3000th winner. He is the first jockey ever to accomplish this feat on the British Turf



Two Northern trainers at Newmarket were F. Armstrong, who won the Cesarewitch with Sir H. Bruce's Kerry Piper, and N. Murless. F. Armstrong is also trainer to the Gaekwar of Baroda



Lady Willoughby de Broke, wife of Lord Willoughby de Broke, who is a Steward of the Jockey Club, was getting some advice from Jack Leach, the trainer



Two people who were in the midst of marking their cards and seemed to be enjoying the day's racing were Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy and F/Lt. Y. J. Kirkpatrick



Tom Walls, celebrated film and stage star, who is also a well-known figure in the racing world, came with his son, S/Ldr. Tom Walls, junior



Lord and Lady Manton were following proceedings with a keen interest. Lord Manton lives in Sussex and is the owner of several good horses



Lady Cromwell and her brother, Mr. J. H. Cripps, were together. Lady Cromwell is the wife of Lord Cromwell and they have one son at Eton and a daughter



Mr. and Mrs. E. R. T. Holmes were exchanging news with the Hon. Philip Kindersley, who is an ex-P.O.W. and younger son of Lord Kindersley, and Mr. T. Holland-Martin

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

First Novel

"THE HOUSE IN CLEWE STREET" (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.) is the first novel of a writer already remarkable in another field. Mary Lavin—American by birth, Irish by adoption and, I believe, grace (for she has lived in Ireland since she was ten years old)—has already made for herself an outstanding name in a remarkably short time: both her previous books, *Tales from Bective Bridge* and *The Long Ago*, have been published since 1940. Those two previous books were collections of short stories—their originality, delicacy and vigour took everyone's breath away. And, above all, the best of the stories in both collections showed maturity, and an unchallengeable knowledge of human nature: although Miss Lavin was young in years she was clearly not to be patronised as "a young writer."

Now comes *The House in Clewe Street*. Among some critics, there is still a tendency to regard the publication of a novel as the first serious literary debut—short stories having been seen as little more than a series of preliminary canterers. One cannot really (such critics say) begin to judge Miss X or Mr. Z until she or he has written a novel. And this view, inevitably, may influence both the writer's publisher and her or his public. "Come on," they say, "don't be shy; don't hedge; we all feel you've done remarkably well so far. Now be a real grown-up writer; put all your cards on the table and give us an honest-to-God full-length novel. Then, you see, we shall know whether you're 'good' or not."

I do not suggest that persuasion of this kind was put, from any side, upon Mary Lavin: had it been, she would no doubt have resisted it. *The House in Clewe Street* can only be the result of a genuine wish and impulse to write a novel; also, from preoccupation with a theme, or subject, that only could be embodied in novel form. The theme is the pressure of small-town life and, still more, of the woman-rule in his home, on a youth, Gabriel Galloway; and the effects of this pressure on his temperament, as shown in his behaviour in practical life, in friendship and, most of all, in love.

Castlerampart

THIS is an Irish novel: the scene, the characters, the manners and customs are Irish. Clewe Street is a street in Castlerampart, a tiny hill-town packed inside ancient fortifications, overhanging a river and set in flat midland country. Castlerampart is a town to its fingertips, and a world in itself—it is, it is true, connected by a railway with the port and cathedral city of Draghead, to which Castlerampart

people from time to time make pleasure or business trips. Nothing, however, impinges on Castlerampart's self-sufficiency and hard-and-fast standards. Great man in this tiny society is old Theodore Coniffe, self-made, rich, proud and owner of much house property in the town. (I must protest, by the way, against the wrapper's description of Theodore as an "Irish landlord"—this, to anyone who knows Ireland or Irish history, might well conjure up, at the start, a misleading picture.) The Coniffes are Catholic, lower middle-class, non-landowning stock: they are essentially townspeople—as far apart from the landowning gentry (impersonated by that fleeting, hilarious vision, Colonel Fanshawe) as they are, from the peasants in the surrounding country and the working or workless people of the town.

Castlerampart, the Coniffes, and all both stand for, could not exist in England: they could and do exist all over Europe, especially in France and Italy—Catholic countries with a deep-rooted, narrow and virulently local provincial life. Miss Lavin's pictures of Ireland, both in her short stories and in this novel, always gain interest by stressing these continental affinities that one finds in Ireland: *The House in Clewe Street* could be a French novel; it could not possibly be an English one—because the circumstances that go to make up the plot do not exist in England. The Coniffe family pride, the curious blend of propriety and miserliness in the running of the Clewe Street house, the haughty seclusion in which the family live (for practically nobody is good enough for a Coniffe), the miniature urbanity of their outlook, and, above all, the petticoat government that springs up after old Theodore's death—his two spinster daughters, with their piety, snobbishness and prudery, entirely controlling (and, incidentally, warping) the destiny of young Gabriel, Theodore's orphan grandson—all these are rich *petit bourgeois* Irish in excelsis.

Gabriel and Onny

CAN one wonder that Gabriel is queered; and that his love-life (synonymous with his bolt for freedom) takes an ill-fated course? Gabriel, to be brief, elopes to Dublin with Onny Soraghan, the little red-headed general servant (not, as the wrapper states, kitchen-maid) employed by his aunts in the Clewe Street house. The couple, hampered by lack of money (for Gabriel, a young man grown, has no more than the savings from a small weekly allowance meted out to him by his aunts), land up in the Kildare Street studio flat of Gabriel's one male friend, the yellow-eyed art student, Sylvester. Gabriel, his standards still unformed and extremely wobbly, is exposed to the demoting perplexities of Dublin Bohemian life. Onny (characteristically, for she is a born pagan) keeps aswim in these whirling waters better than he does.

The House in Clewe Street, in my opinion, loses force from the moment its scene shifts from Castlerampart to Dublin. With the exception of Onny (who is a masterpiece) and possibly Theresa Coniffe, the elder of the two aunts, none of the characters are strikingly living, in the way that attracts one's interest and



Alan Moorehead, whose new book "Eclipse" was published at the end of October by Hamish Hamilton, has been proclaimed as the foremost historian of the war with his "African Trilogy." This contains his three books on the desert campaigns, "Mediterranean Front," "A Year of Battle" and "The End of Africa." An Australian by birth, he is married and has a son and daughter. His wife was formerly Lucie Milner

sympathy. Gabriel's colourlessness and flabbiness, though deliberately stressed, for her own good purposes, by Miss Lavin, are antipathetic. The Castlerampart opening, and middle part, are pictorial, haunting and, at times, poetic—though for sheer cheesy richness of atmosphere, and for humour, they cannot hope to compare with that Somerville and Ross small-town classic *The Real Charlotte*. *The House in Clewe Street* is eminently worth reading, has considerable value as a provincial picture, and shows distinction in every line of its writing; but to my mind it is just a little bloodless. It is a good—and more, a unique—novel; but it is not as good as a novel as almost all Miss Lavin's stories are as short stories. The short stories had a strangeness and an intensity all their own. Such strangeness and intensity cannot be sustained throughout a long book that deals with three generations. It comes out strongly, however, in individual scenes—such as the quarrel during the Dublin thunderstorm.

Remote Ancestors

"EARLY BRITAIN," by Jacquetta Hawkes, is another star volume in the "Britain in Pictures" Series (Collins; 4s. 6d.). Mrs. Hawkes is a brilliant young archaeologist, who combines imposing knowledge with ease and charm of style; and one could not be more agreeably guided through the dangerous discomforts of British pre-history. She dispenses nonsense (such, for instance, as has accumulated around the Druids) with the same good-mannered briskness as she dispenses ignorance. She emphasises the hopelessness of attempting to fix dates, and the irritation caused to archaeologists by the

(Concluded on page 222)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

IT'S a mystery to me why people vent their hatred on spinach when there is broccoli to loathe. Spinach, at least, has character. Broccoli has only the tastelessness of a cauliflower's poor relation. The very look of it is needy!

But then, the mystery of Loves and Hates will forever remain unsolved, I suppose. It takes all sorts of illusions to make a romance. And dislike can spring from nothing more conducive to spleen than an irritating cough. One so often loves without reason and hates illogically. It's no good trying to find an explanation for either. Usually there isn't one. A woman who can be one man's bromide can be another man's Venus. And many a girl has felt convinced that her lover will protect her until death part them on no other evidence than his courage to crush a blackbeetle on sight.

Dame Nature, however, can always be relied upon to make you, a present of something silver-gilt after she has robbed you of something 18-carat gold. Her candelabra are generally on loan, but,

with pleasure, you can keep the tallow candlesticks. Well, the one certainly decorates the room magnificently, but, after all, the other is far more useful when you have to search for a bottle of "comfort" in the cellar. And, although many a lover eventually joins the original army of observers who once wondered what on earth he ever saw in her, or him, it is a comfort to know that, far more binding than vows, many a marriage remains legally static by reason of its habit and its convenience. It's rather like a house which, although not your ideal, you simply can't be bothered to remove from. You know where everything is, and you can easily discover it in the dark.

In this life of stress and turmoil, it is almost spiritually elevating to know for certain that you'll find a hot-water bottle in your bed. A far cry, of course, from your original dream of Home; but then, many dreams recede so far at last that we can only hear their cry when we are sitting alone in the dark! Courage, however, consists in losing your dreams yet still keeping your ability to laugh.

Personally, I am always thankful for other people's illusions. Most of us are—or should be. Most women would never step into fairyland if some man didn't wrongly consider they were entitled to the key. And many a man, taken on his merits alone, would never appear to her in the least like a Fairy Prince ready to escort her round. Without imagination, most experiences would resemble Spam. But a dream, though doomed by its blissful promise to an awakening, does usually give us our hour. With that we have to remain content. And what if a dream, as so many dreams do, eventually goes all haywire? The first man who flew never visualised present-day Berlin, nor the inventor of gunpowder the four-ton bomb. And our own dreams? They enriched us while they lasted and when they went askew—they taught us something, if only to hide our chagrin and keep a stiff upper-lip.



Abel Smith — Archer-Shee

Lt.-Col. Wilfrid Lyulph Abel Smith, R.A., younger son of the late Lt.-Col. Wilfrid Abel Smith and the late Hon. Mrs. Abel Smith, married Miss Lucy Mary Archer-Shee, daughter of the late Col. Sir Martin Archer-Shee and Lady Archer-Shee, of Ashurst Lodge, Sunningdale



Simmons — Arundel

Capt. Clifford A. Simmons, R.A.M.C., married Miss Jean Arundel at Caxton Hall. Capt. Simmons was an Airborne doctor and was captured at Arnhem. He is now with the Control Commission of Germany, and his bride is at the War Office



Macleod — Edwards

Major Donald C. Macleod, R.A.S.C., younger son of the late Mr. H. H. Macleod and Mrs. Macleod, of Eyneshbury, Merrow, Guildford, married Miss Dorothy Edwards, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Edwards, of Sandra, Wrexham, North Wales

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Studd — Harrison-Wallace

Mr. Aubrey Fairfax Studd, late XXII. Dragoons, married Miss Katharine Elspeth Harrison-Wallace, W.R.N.S., only child of Capt. S. Harrison-Wallace, D.S.O., R.N., and the late Mrs. Harrison-Wallace, of Pont Street, S.W.1, at Christ Church, Down Street, W.1



Hurt — Whigham

Lt. Michael Hurt, R.N.V.R., son of Cdr. H. A. LeF. Hurt, R.N., and Mrs. Hurt, of The Hope House, Little Burstead, Essex, married Miss Veronica (Nika) Whigham, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Whigham, of Brookside House, near Ascot



Thompson — Seymour

F/Lt. C. G. Thompson, D.F.C. and Bar, R.A.A.F., married S/O. Joan Seymour, W.A.A.F., younger daughter of Sir Horace and Lady Seymour, of the British Embassy, Chungking, and Bratton, Wilts., at St. James's Church, Spanish Place



Gurney — Hay

Sub-Lt. Jeremy Christopher Gurney, R.N., son of the late Mr. Christopher Gurney and of Mrs. Gurney, of Hatfield Hyde, Herts., married Miss Elizabeth Anne Hay, W.R.N.S., daughter of the late Capt. the Hon. Ivan Hay and of the Hon. Mrs. Hay, of Buntingford, Herts.



Wingate — Dyson

Dr. Anthony Peter Wingate, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wingate, of 18, Cavendish Square, married Miss Margaret Burton Dyson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Dyson, of The Hill, Forton, near Lancaster, at St. Peter's, Vere Street



Dill — Frankau

Lt. Marshall Dill, Jr., U.S.N.R., son of Mr. Marshall Dill, of San Francisco, California, U.S.A., married Senior Commander Pamela Frankau, A.T.S., novelist daughter of Mr. Gilbert Frankau, at St. James's, Spanish Place

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

FOR the Fleet Street boys to trot out Parliament's grant of £663,000 to Wellington and Parliament's grant of £100,000 to Haig by way of comment on Parliament's recent decision to grant Montgomery and Alexander no money at all seemed to us rather futile. Three totally different worlds are involved.

Public money was pretty easy for anybody in Wellington's time if one had the proper relatives—say a fifth cousin at the Treasury. You went to your fifth cousin and said: "Look here, Buffy, poor old Stinker's absolutely up a tree." Your fifth cousin clucked sympathetically, and a month later Stinker was appointed Deputy Examiner of Crown Wayleaves in Antigua, which meant chambers in Mayfair, £5000 a year for life, and no duties of any kind. One of Wellington's own family made a charming income in this way, unless we err. The dough was there and jolly old Aunt Britannia made no difficulty about ladling it out to the right people. When somebody by chance really earned it, like Wellington himself, it took the jovial old trot slightly aback, naturally. But she rallied with a laugh and responded nobly.

In Haig's time money was a trifle tighter and really plummy jobs like Stinker's a thing of the past, but the flavour of centuries of opulence was still in the air. War-contractors, for example, might send in a bill for £50,000 and get a cheque for £500,000 in return, owing to a clerk's teasing a blonde at the time. If they complained they were told loftily that the Government never made mistakes. Aunt Britannia, so to speak, was still a bit cheerily woozy after the party. Today the once merry old haybag is cold-sober and not a little worried and cross about things in general. Those rubicund curves, that prominent rolling blue eye, that massive bustle are still there; but as Slogger Wordsworth said to the Idiot Boy, "O! the difference to me!"

Sport

NEXT to cricket and bigamy, the most popular outdoor sport of the Island Race at the moment is undoubtedly making bogus fire-calls by telephone. 103 in 24 hours were received by the London N.F.S. recently.

No official explanation of the vogue of this engaging new pastime has yet been evolved. A sombre one which will occur to most true hearts instantly is that some poor sweet cast off by a Lothario in a brass helmet has sworn vengeance on the whole tribe of firemen. (How does she get around so much? She probably has a bicycle, like the aged rural Casanova in a wellknown story.) In which case there is not much to say, though any dishevelled girl novelist could say it in 900,000 words. Meanwhile all over London firemen keep leaping for the greasy pole in vain, while fires leap merrily elsewhere.

Footnote

INCIDENTALLY the only major novelist, so far, to discuss the fascination firemen undoubtedly have for women is that cagey highbrow Marcel Proust. He accounts for

it—as with soldiers—by the suggestion of a free, gay, and reckless life conveyed by a striking uniform. To deceive and humiliate such idols in return would be jam for any indignant sweetheart worthy of her sex. The Bicycle Theory seems to us of immense value, as in bigamy. A doom-laden figure flying and swerving in the dusk. Deep burning eyes like Clytemnestra's. Three-speed gear. Ting-ting. Ting-ting.

Treat

RADIO-LUXEMBOURG, having been handed back by the U.S. Army, will return shortly to commercial broadcasting, it seems. So we shall soon be hearing again about Mrs. Whackstraw's inside, we hope and trust.

That pre-war Sunday afternoon treat—do you remember? Soft, sweet music, Schubert or Debussy, preluded the story of Mrs. Whackstraw's Awful Pains. Her account fulfilled every Aristotelian concept of drama. The one artistic flaw in it, we always felt, was that the Entry of the Friend was not given an arresting Wagnerian *motiv*. The Friend was the turning-point of the entire narrative, for it was she who one day advised Mrs. Whackstraw to try BUMPO. And maybe (we thought) there should have been a mid-way Suspense-Angle of actual dialogue as well, with music. *E.g.*:

MRS. WHACK (laughing harshly): What, me try BUMPO? Not ruddy likely! Coo!

FRIEND (with quiet force): It done Aggie Spivins good.

MRS. WHACK: Aggie Spivins!

(Orchestral interlude, illustrating the "fast" character of Mrs. Spivins and the scorn felt for her stomach by all decent British housewives.)

FRIEND (unvanquished): One dose of BUMPO brought Aggie relief. One 1/6 bottle cured.

MRS. WHACK (more kindly): Nothink but a tart. Always said it, always will. That Aggie Spivins—

FRIEND (moving away): One dose brought relief.

MRS. WHACK (dogged): My stomach's respectable!

FRIEND (in the distance): One bottle cured.

(Orchestral interlude, illustrating agonised battle in Mrs. Whackstraw's soul.)

VOICE (dying away): BUMPO for Tum-Joy!

(Long silence.)

MRS. WHACK (suddenly): HOY! . . .

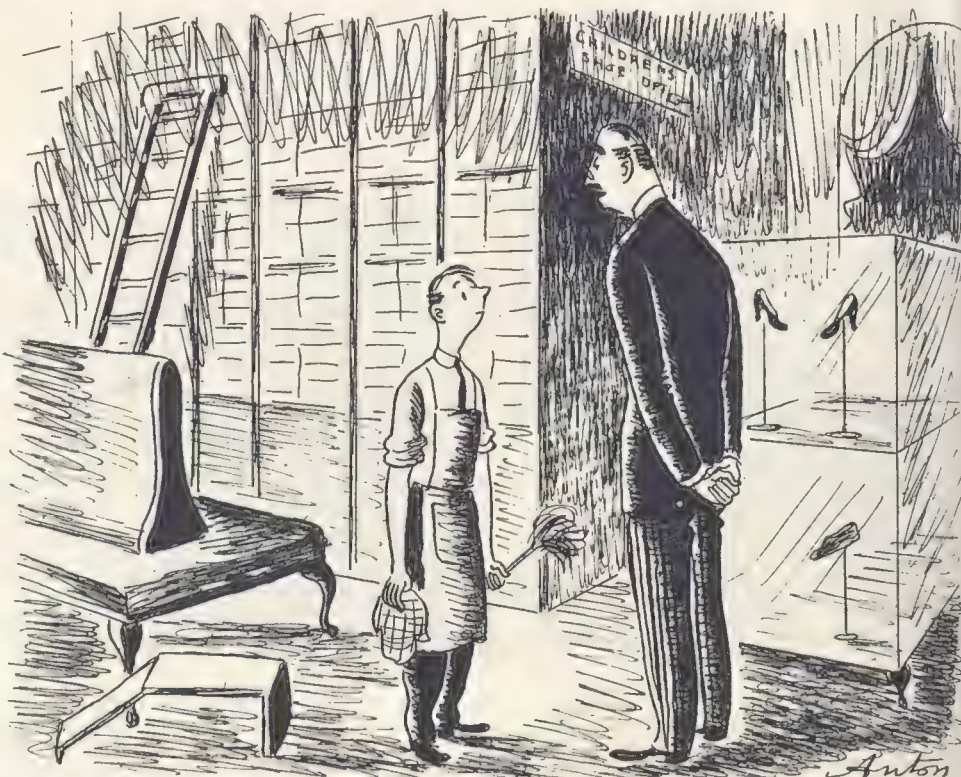
Elgar's music seems adaptable; say something from the Cello Concerto, or even *Gerontius*. Something spiritual, austere, and ravishing.

Clash

PRETTY amateurish, apparently, was that recent Lobby scuffle between two of the Ulster Parliament boys. Most M.P.s don't seem to know how, where, or when to hit each other, a legislator fresh from one of the Services was telling us.

If you still remember Galsworthy's frightful Forsytes, you will recall that one of the more bearable of the gang, named Michael Mont, has a set-to with a fellow-M.P. in one of the House of Commons lavatories in the early 1920's. This clash, unless memory deceives, emerges in a black eye and a bloody nose shared between the pair. A couple of hundred years ago, when rapiers or pistols in Hyde Park ritually settled such quarrels—for example, the duel between Wilkes, M.P. and Martin, M.P.—it was often too dangerous to exhibit bad temper in the House. Today the occasional spectacle of two livid panting inexpert middle-aged gentlemen feebly wuffling with each other simply makes the sympathetic observer yearn to shout for Nanny or Matron.

The latter appointment is hereby urged. The House Matron needs to be plump, quick, motherly, consoling, authoritative, and the possessor of a swift, efficient uppercut. Tck, tck, tck! Those boys again! Messing up my nice Lobby! Break away, you awful little baskets! (Bam!)



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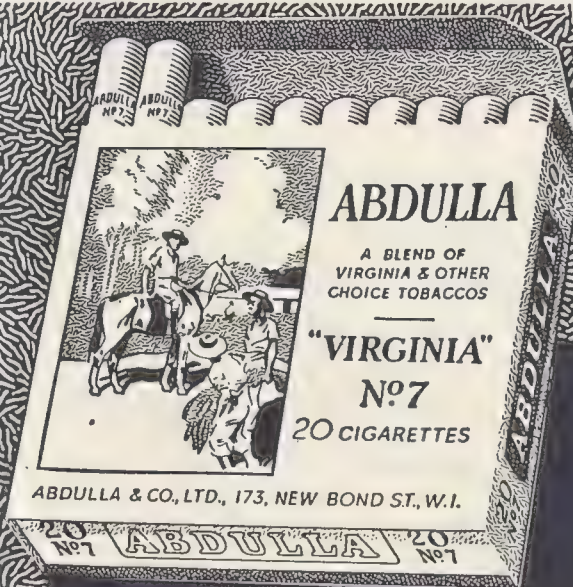
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by Jean Lorimer



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● Fullness is again the outstanding feature in this beige wool dress, but here the fullness is concentrated at the back of the skirt. Scarlet leather trims the belt, covers the buttons. A Selita model from *Marshall and Snelgrove*



● Fur trims this smart little turban. Fitting closely, it is of black silk jersey cleverly draped and trimmed with sable-dyed kolinsky. *Debenham and Freebody*



Photographs by
Dormer Cole



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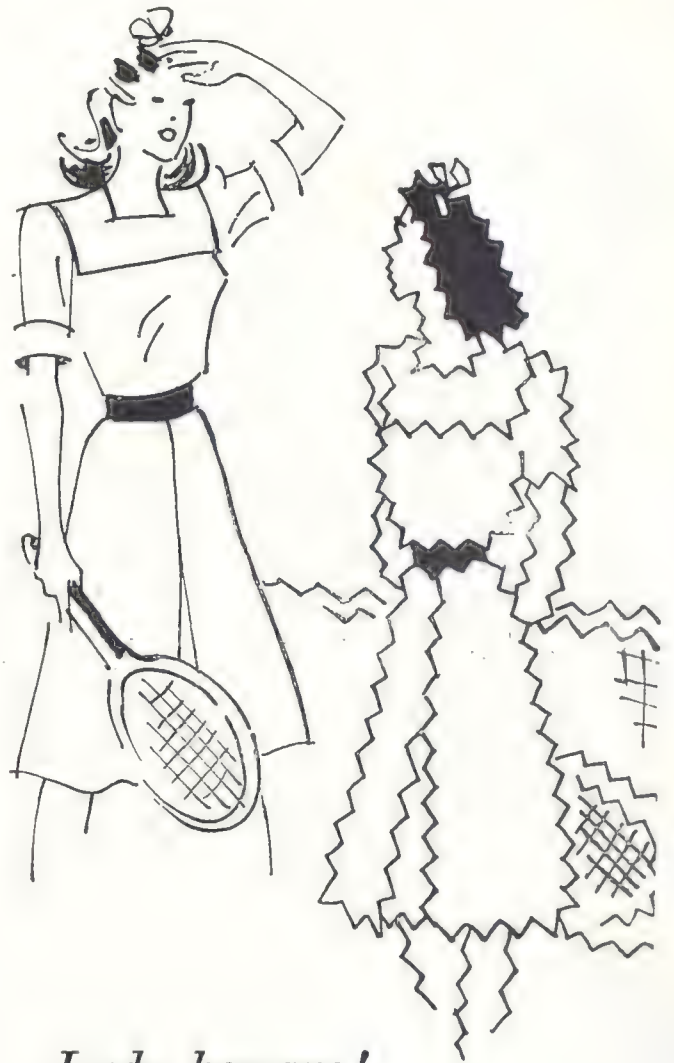
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ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 214)

general public's attempts to do so. Under her genial guidance, I found my own aversion from prehistoric eras—which I had always seen as a livid and rainy twilight roamed through by sub-human bands with receding foreheads—crack and melt like ice at the end of the Ice Age. It is with equanimity that one finds oneself with "the hunters" of (approximately) 10,000 B.C.—"The first period of the full ascendancy of *homo sapiens*."

After the Old Stone Age, the Middle Stone Age, with its first farmer tribes. After the New Stone Age, with its bulky communal graves, the Bronze Age, with its Mediterranean influx and first pastoralists—a conquering nomadic aristocracy. These were the Beaker Folk. And to this period belong, apparently, Avebury and Stonehenge. The Middle (as opposed to the Early) Bronze Age showed a brisk advance, within our shores, of agriculture and industry, due to the evolution and use of instruments. The countryside took on a hedged pattern (easy to picture); cloths were woven and worn. Mrs. Hawkes stresses, in the succeeding ages, the interplay between Grecian (or Mediterranean) and Celtic culture: both invader-borne. Quite the most fascinating section of *Early Britain* is, however, that devoted to Roman Britain—its well-planned cities, their decay, their gradual inundation by barbarian living-habits as Roman power weakened, and the withdrawal of remaining civilized people to their country estates. I should hesitate to compare post-Roman Roman cities to the London of our present year of grace; but there were analogies that could not fail to strike me. However, *Early Britain* has a comforting message: things *have* looked bad from time to time, but have looked up again.

The Forties

Stories of the Forties (Nicholson & Watson; 8s. 6d.) has been edited by Reginald Moore and Woodrow

Wyatt. The Editors consider that the English short story, as an "art form" was threatened by the outbreak of war. Myself—speaking as both a practitioner and an ardent supporter of the short story—I do not consider that the art form short story had so much as a narrow squeak: it had been long (in fact, since the end of the lamented twenties) implanted in the mind of the British public that the short story *was* an art form, and must as such, through thick and thin, be supported. The short story of the kind the Editors have in mind has, in fact, for two solid decades provided an unparalleled outlet for subjective middle-class grief. It did, with the coming of war, take on a more vigorous and active phase of life. I regret that picaresque, stylish, devil-may-care short stories are not more largely represented in this volume; which is collectively somewhat sombre and made me want to go back and read Saki again. I would say there were still too many hangovers from the artistic twenties here. But Osbert Sitwell's "Staggered Holiday," James Hanley's "The Brothers," and T. O. Beachcroft's "The Parents Left Alone" are high and bright spots. An Alun Lewis story reminds one sharply how much literature has lost by his death; and there is a pleasing, if not the best, example of the ever-welcome J. Maclaren-Ross.



Two Young Members of the Famous Huxley Family

Angela and Michael Huxley are the children of Major and Mrs. David B. Huxley. Their father, the half-brother of Julian and Aldous Huxley, is at the moment stationed in Iraq at H.Q. R.A.F. Levies. He is, however, expected in England next month and will then go to Washington where he hopes to join his family in time for Christmas. Mrs. Huxley, the former Miss Remsen Schenck, was married in 1938 at The Church of the Holy Redeemer, Chelsea, and during part of the war was an A.R.P. worker in London.

As You Were

Early Morning Murder, by Miles Burton ('Crime Club; 8s. 6d.), works out a neat and pleasing cycle of crimes, by which a threatened English country estate is saved from becoming a holiday camp. The ambiguous death of a peer leaves his property at the mercy of his good-timing daughter and her shrewdly husband: however, Fate (or the murderer) takes hand.

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Peruvian Combined Services Mission at Bentwaters R.A.F. Station

G/Capt. Douglas Bader was photographed with two of the four Peruvian officers of the Combined Services Mission, on the airfield, during their visit to Bentwaters R.A.F. Station in Suffolk. There they were shown the latest Meteor, Mosquito and Spitfire planes. The Peruvian officers who formed the party were Lt.-Col. N. Lindley, Major M. Valencia, S/Ldr. M. O'Brien and F/Lt. M. Burgos

Met. Men and Others

STORIES about scientific meteorology fall into two categories. There are those in which the local farmer squints at the sky and forecasts a gale, while the Air Ministry meteorologist juggles with charts, tables and figures and predicts fine weather—the meteorologist proving right and the farmer wrong. And there are those which begin the same, but end with the local farmer proving right and the scientific meteorologist wrong. I have never believed either form of story—for in my experience the forecasts of both the local farmers and the meteorologists are both wrong—but I did have an astonishing example while I was at Herne Bay, waiting for the final practice runs before the speed record attempt.

Air Ministry meteorological experts, backed with many observations and a mass of scientific equipment, predicted fine weather; a local inhabitant, who might also have been the oldest inhabitant, coughed, spat and predicted a dense fog over the course all day. The local inhabitant proved right. Between met. men and local inhabitants there will, I take it, always be this competition in forecasting. The met. man is usually good for wide areas, but not so good for local conditions.

What is Air Comfort

TIME and motion study has been applied to many kinds of work; but not, so far as I know, to play. The consequence is that we know little about aircraft comfort. For instance, at what length of journey does it become necessary to enable a passenger to get up and walk about? What are the effects of regularity in the seating arrangements? Is the two-deep plan with the intervening passage-way sound? Or is it better to provide an irregular seating plan more in conformity with an ordinary room, with movable chairs?

Then there is the effect of plenty of light in aircraft cabins. In my experience large windows and plenty of light help to provide pleasurable conditions. The Dove is particularly good in respect of the cabin arrangements. But solid, factual information about what the time and motion study men would no doubt insist on calling the "optimum" condition is needed. I am inclined to think myself that it would be found that the regular, two-deep seating scheme is thoroughly bad and that more variety in the arrangement is needed.

Mach Numbers

AT Herne Bay it was noticeable that Mach numbers achieved a great popularity. Everybody was talking about the Mach number the Meteor could reach or the Mach number the Vampire might reach. It was curious, after thinking in terms of many hundreds of miles or kilometres an hour, to begin thinking in fractions of unity. People spoke with bated breath of aircraft which might reach a Mach number of point nine!

This ratio between the speed of an aircraft and the speed of sound at the same height—which is what the Mach number is—has become of great importance. It shows that for a time the best speeds are still likely to be done near the ground and not high up. But the day must come when the highest speeds will be reached by liquid fuel rocket-driven aircraft flying on the outer fringes of the atmosphere. How will the *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale* time them for records?

The F.A.I.

THE F.A.I. has been right, in my view, in sticking to its rules for speed records, and I am not sure even now that a case for a change has been properly established. I suppose it would be easier and safer to set world records at great heights, but the purpose of such records is, in fact, the establishment of the truth. And that requires full witness of the performance. It would be difficult to provide full and satisfactory witness at 30,000 feet, for instance. Close to the ground it is much easier. So we ought to think twice before pressing fresh rules on the F.A.I. to allow the record to be made at a great height.

State Air

LORD WINSTER created a considerable disturbance when he announced his plans for nationalizing air transport inside and outside Britain.

I have always refused to be politically-minded. I do not care about which party is in power. I look only on the effects of party policy on aviation. And I do not know where Lord Winster can find examples of the State being a capable aircraft designer, constructor or operator. On the contrary, when the State has stepped in, disappointment and even disaster has followed.

The Royal Aircraft Factory was a classic example; but the airship R.101 was another example which was almost equally significant. State control is putting all eggs into one basket. If a State-controlled activity is disliked by users, they have no means of making their dislike effective. They have to continue to support the thing they dislike through taxation. That is the pity of it. But there is the more serious side which is concerned with the militarization of aviation. State control means militarization—or it always has meant it in the past. That is the aspect I dislike most in Lord Winster's plans.



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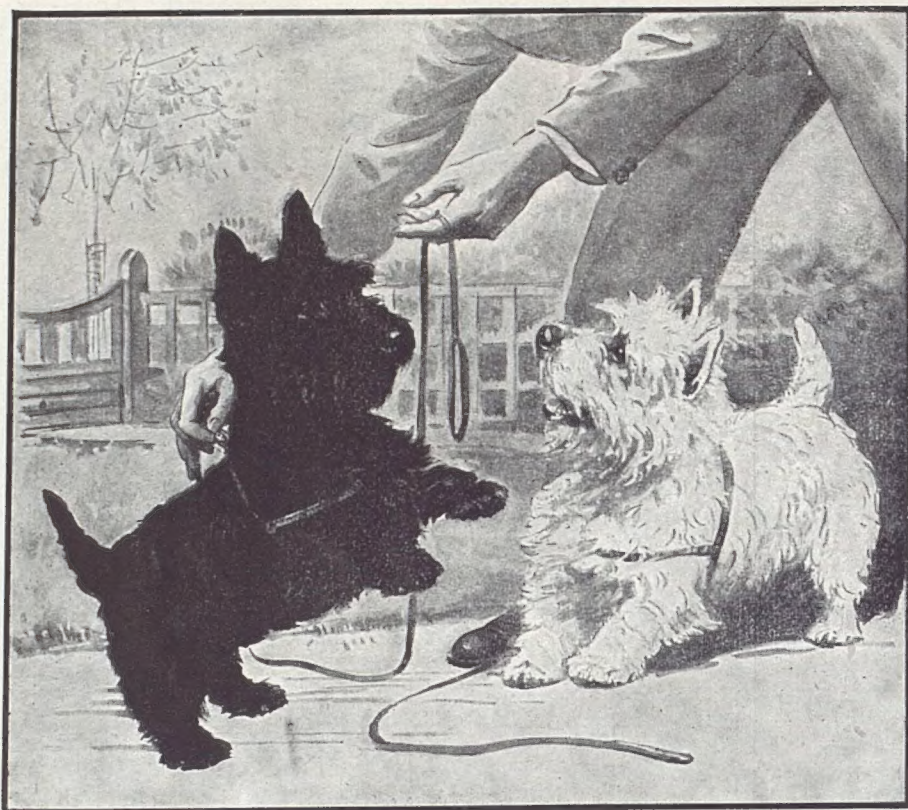
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